

Dr. Hyatt's
THE BLACK BOOK
VOLUME III, PART I



— GALT'S ARK —
THE BLACK SYMPHONY
First Movement

Become Who You Are—There Are No Guarantees

Conducted by Cthulhu

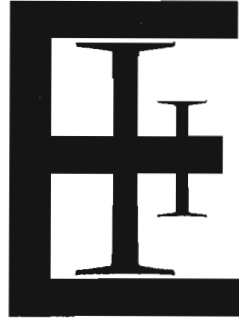
The Players:
Joseph Matheny
Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
Father Daniel Suders
Nicholas Tharcher

A Publication of the Extreme Individual Institute

THE BLACK BOOK

VOLUME III—PART I

C.S. Hyatt Ph.D.
7/23/04



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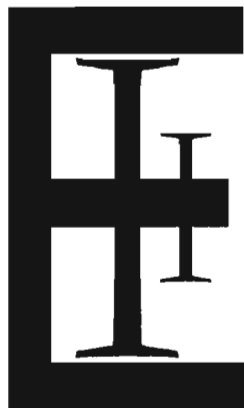
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The symbol you see is that of the “Extreme Individual Institute™.”

The goal of the institute is simple: to assist extreme individuals to become who they are.

This work is for that 10% of marginal people who desire to become greater than they are now. It is not a forum or discussion or argument.

The methods of the Institute are simple: “work” in the arena of the obvious as well as the sublime. However, we are only concerned with results and not moralism—what a person does with his power is his business.

Work is done individually via both personal contact and the internet, plus a yearly coming together done either in the physical or on the internet. There is a strict entrance exam and monthly payments are required for the operation of the Institute.

Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D.
Head Coach

contact: info@newfalcon.com
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<http://www.drhyatt.net>



Cthulhu
The Conductor
by mobiusframe

ON KAZOO

INTRODUCTION

When Dr. Hyatt first proposed the Black Books, I thought it a brilliant idea. He has always been an “elitist”—though it continues to amaze me that many readers of his books cannot seem to get that simple fact through their heads—and this would be a great opportunity to publish more of his most radical ideas.

He has always been interested in that small percentage of homo sapiens at the extreme ends of the bell-shaped curve—certainly, those who have already accomplished something notable with their lives; but even more, those who have the *potential* to be independent and truly free humans, despite having been damaged by the rigors of living in the insane world of homo normalis. Those who recognize that their lives are their own to do with as they will, and do not whine about how much the world “owes them.” (And as clearly as he has said so in numerous books, it’s astonishing how many write to him *demanding* that he provide help simply because...) So, if you are one of those who are still looking for that big tit in the sky, who believe that you have a claim on others just “because,” get this straight: YOU’RE IN THE WRONG PLACE!

Take the time—NOW—to carefully review the *Principles of Extreme Living*. Take your time; go slow:

DEATH IS AN ABSOLUTE LIFE IS CONDITIONAL

All too many people are corks on the sea of life. They don’t live life, they are lived by life.

The Extreme Individual Institute™ is dedicated to the proposition that many people can become creations of their own will for life.

Look at young children: they live life in wonder, excitement and joy. Our initial wonder, excitement and joy is defiled by parents and teachers.

The giggle must become the polite laugh, the fun must be only when appropriate, the spontaneity must be torn from our breast. Joy is replaced by drudgery and individuality surrendered to the social collective. Thus is life passed in stupidity.

As adults we can not begin anew, but we can take a solemn oath to recapture as much as possible of that joy, wonder and power we were born with.

To exist is easy—to live is an accomplishment.

We dedicate this little book to the those among you who are willing to live the full life.

We invite you to join with us in a journey into the wonder of life. To those we say: seas however high and a bountiful journey.

BECOME WHO YOU ARE—THERE ARE NO GUARANTEES.

If you are a “Mutant”—as Dr. Hyatt refers to that small percentage of humanoids who appear to have a working brain—hopefully you’ve figured out the nature and purpose of the *Black Books* and the Extreme Individual Institute™ by now. On the other hand, if you’re a Mute or an Anti-Mutant—the vast majority of the humanoids on this wretched planet—what the hell are you doing here? You’re wasting your time—and ours.)



In this First Movement of the *Black Symphony*, we are pleased to present the contributions of some remarkable people.

The Black Symphony is conducted by **Cthulhu**, the most “beloved” creature of H.P. Lovecraft’s fertile brain. Watch out...or he’ll eat you.

On Violins is **Joseph Matheny**, author and techowhiz *extraordinaire*. Among his many accomplishments, he wrote and developed the highly successful *Ong’s Hat: The Beginning* and *The Incunabula Papers: Ong’s Hat and Other Gateways to New Dimensions*; has developed a number of computer “games”; and is one of the people responsible for the develop-

ment of the well-known “Portable Document Format” (pdf) for document interchange between computers. On top of that, he’s also one of the people who developed much of the “guts” of the recording, playback, and interactivity of DVD! This guy’s a genius, no doubt about it.

Here’s what Matheny says about himself: “Joseph Matheny is not a pseudonym for Commander X, J.R. Bob Dobbs, Andy Kauffman, D.B. Cooper, Tyler Durden or Monty Cantsin. Now buzz off! Matheny believes that the xtian versus moslem crusades and counter crusades will eventually be reduced to Coke versus Pepsi wars that will result in Absolut vodka martinis (bone dry, shaken not stirred, up not over, two jalapeño stuffed olives) being the ultimate darkhorse victor. (Did I mention that the Vodka has to be chilled to freezing temperature? It damn well better be!)”

On Drums is **Father Daniel Suders** whose *Fourteen Steps* was first published in *Rebels & Devils: The Psychology of Liberation* (edited by Christopher S. Hyatt, Ph.D., New Falcon Publications, 2001).

Suders was an ordained clergyman active in the Episcopal church (really!) and a bartender. For more than ten years he worked in some of the sleaziest bars in Hollywood. (This included the *Spotlite*—which was also the name of a Nazi rag during Hitler’s regime. A coincidence—or something more insidious?)

His customers ranged from bikers who write poetry, to hookers and boy hustlers, and to any number of sociopaths, most of whom have done time. He was also a writer and enjoyed debunking popular, pre-packaged, freeze-dried ideology. Before his death, he completed Volume III of *The Longest and Worst Poem in the English Language*. He was also the author and illustrator of *The Adventures of Mona The Lawn Blower*.

This First Movement concludes as the versatile **Joseph Matheny** returns on Piano with an unusual interview with **Dr. Hyatt**...

But why is this *Black Symphony* entitled “Galt’s Ark”? Who the hell is John Galt? Well, John Galt is the name of the protagonist of Ayn Rand’s *Atlas Shrugged*. And it’s Galt’s Ark because... No, no, don’t do it. I won’t tell. Wait, please, don’t..... Aaaarrghhh.....

— Nicholas Tharcher,
Cayman Islands,
June, 2004

ON VIOLINS

FRACTURED HAIKU

TO BE HUMMED TO THE TUNE OF *DUET FOR THE DEVIL*¹

BY JOSEPH MATHENY

Most people have a square hole and a round hole cut into their boards. When they pick you up and find you to be a trapezoid, they will at first, pound and hammer, yell and curse, trying to make you fit into one of their holes. After a while, they tire of this and fling you against the wall, declaring you “irregular.” They may even go so far as to slap a label on you, declaring your “unfitness,” your nonconformity to the “standard.”

You now have a choice. You may lay in the corner and proclaim your irregularity at which point the “fitter” may extend an offer to whittle you into a state of conformity. This entails your permission, followed by the elimination of your unique edges. Eventually you will lose all your edges and will become a square or round peg. You will now fit into a hole. You fit in! Oh Frabjus joy! Now you can sit in line with the other pegs and sing in the chorus!

On the other hand, you may dust yourself off, adjust your irregular tag to suit your personal fashion sense, and wear it as a badge of honor, rather than a crown of shame. (I prefer to wear it tilted jauntily on my head like a cocky gangster from the 20s might have worn his hat.) It is up to you, you know.

¹ *Duet for the Devil*, winter-damon Necro Publications (October 1, 2000).

**What do these advertisements say about
the people who advertise the products?**



**LEFT: A Yugo,
whose owner says,
"I am powerless."**



**RIGHT: A Dodge Viper,
whose owner asks,
"Got Reptilians?"**

Copyright © 2004 Jonathan Sellers.

Your experiences
Your life
life
is a furnace

If you are nothing
but dross
you will burn away
completely



But
if you have an I
Eye
Aye, aye.



Hardened metal
shiny
bright
you will be

Smoke and cool
take on form
solidity
gleaming I

Eye
Aye, aye.

The esteemed Dr. Hyatt sez: 10%² of human monkeys are Mutants.

I respectfully disagree.

I observe it to be more like 2%.

In my more disrespectful moments I might say, “Stop being so fucking forgiving!”

However, I grok the Madd Doktor to be a kindred spirit, so I’ll be more fucking forgiving than that.

I still say it’s 2%. Where do I derive this figure? Several sources, and many years of empirical observation coupled with data compilation and analysis:

- You are 98 percent water. The other 2 percent is made up of trace elements, bohemian tendencies and unworthy motives.
- Our brain comprises 2 percent of our body’s weight, but it uses 20 percent of our body’s energy, and it has multiple back-up systems for most functions.
- With less than 2 percent of the population at second tier thinking (and only 0.1 percent at turquoise), second tier consciousness is relatively rare because it is now “leading edge” of collective human evolution.
- ° Humans and chimps differ at the genetic level only by 1 to 2 percent
- When reproduction, both parents give a part of their genetics code to form a new individual. That’s why a *point of crossing-over* is random selected. This point determine which part of code is took from the father, the rest is took from the mother’s genome. If the *point of crossing-over* is selected in the genome’s middle, then, the new-born will **inherit** from the half of the genome’s father and the half of genome’s mother. The genome of the new individual is consequently a **copy** of a part of genome’s parents.

In nature, this **copy** is not perfect. Feeble irregularities appear in the course of the copy’s process. It’s a **mutation**. This *mutation* plays a part in the redistribution of news generations into the search space. Without this mutation, the population risks the convergence toward a *maximum space local* without ever may to go out. In our computer model, this *mutation* is reproduced. A mutation’s factor fixed in **0.02** or **2 percent** determine it. This mutation will change

² *Black Book II: EXTREME: The Twisted Man*

the state (0 or 1) of 2 percent of symbols in the new individual's genome.

- 2% of any given species represents a mutational curve that is suited to changing environmental conditions, thereby ensuring it's survival when changes are complete.
- There are many more examples of the 2% phenomena and one may say that it is no more than the filter of the perceiver at work. That may very well be. Then again, maybe I'm right.

**YOUR KARMA IS
YOUR DOGMA!**

Now to the secret that we
promised you.

You will see the face of the
conspiracy several times before
the end of this little ditty.

got reptilians?

Taking a scalpel to FATE

What mind control has been defined as:

Government/MKULTRA/Monarch

Aliens

Illuminati and Illuminati type groups

Interdimensional “critters”—Reptilians, et al.

(more to be added)

Question: Is your mind controlled or do you lack control of your mind?

What THEY won't say:

Television and the rest of the media matrix

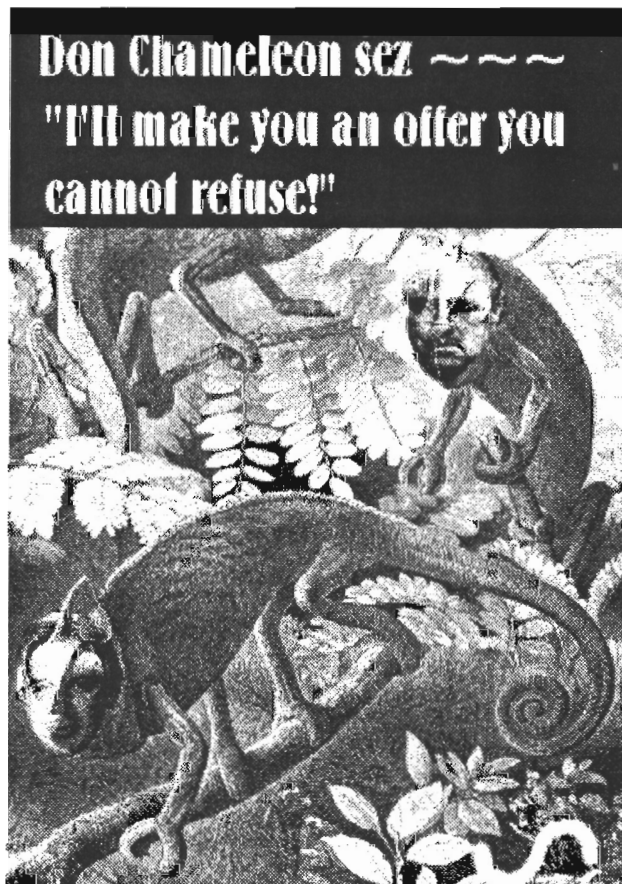
church

state

community (society, includes peer pressure)

culture/art

(more to be added)



Who are **THEY**?

Government

Above government (Illuminati)

Aliens

The rich and old moneyed (Bilderbergers, Gnomes of Europe, Den of Vipers, Priory of Sion, Jewish Bankers)

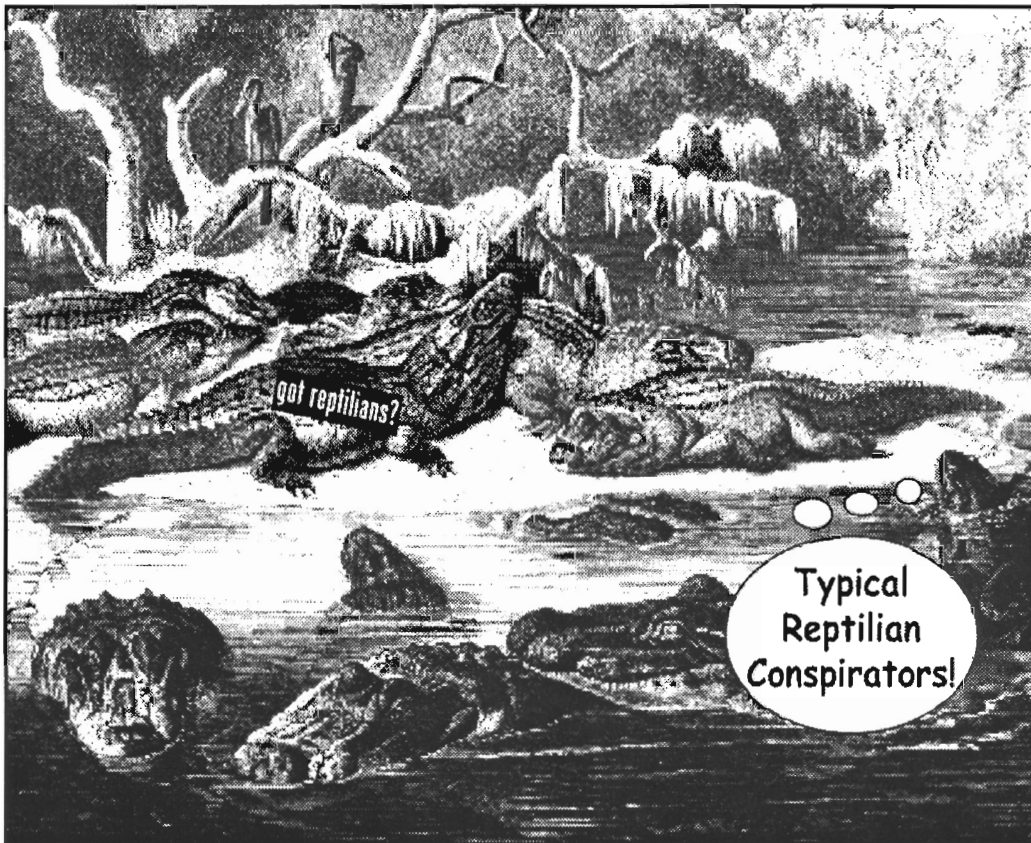
Interdimensional “critters” like Reptilians

Angels

God

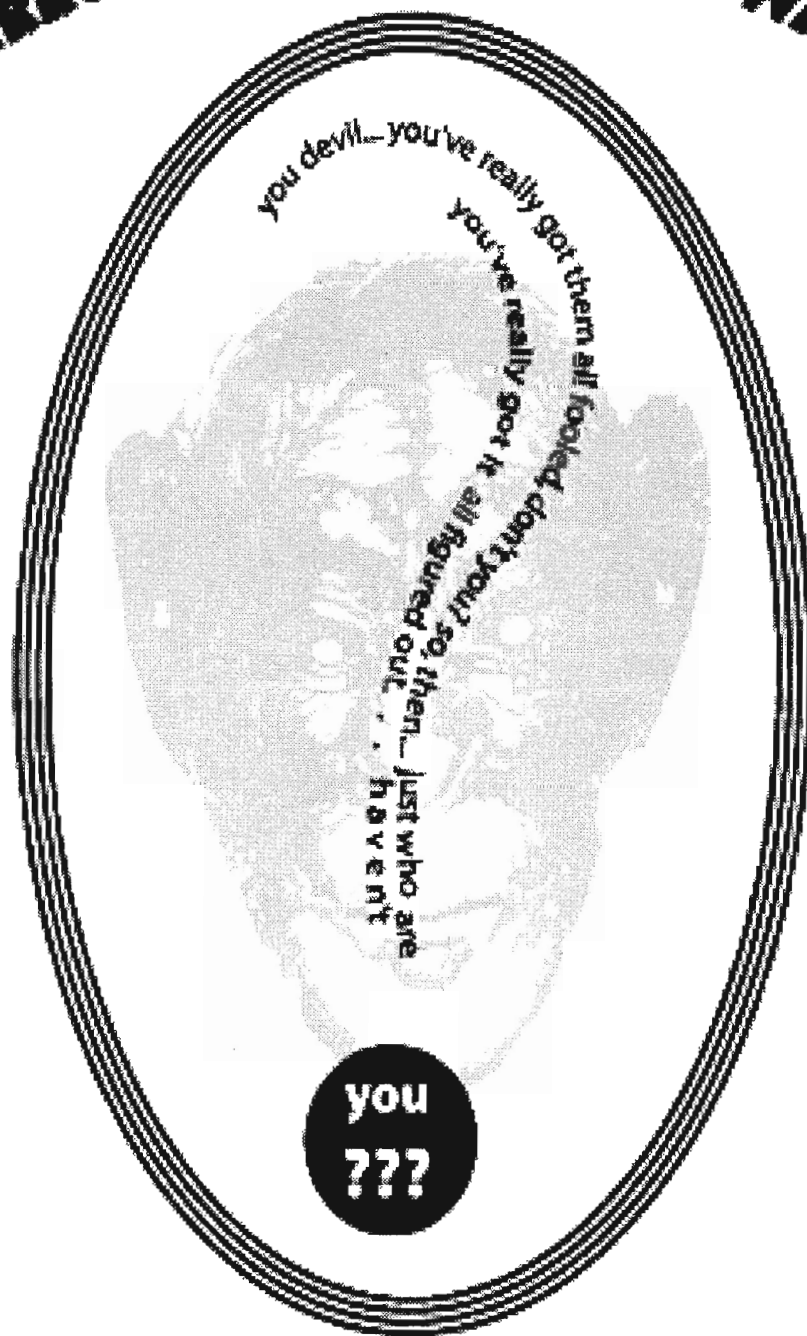
Satan

(more to be added)



See the face of THEY

MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL



Objects in Mirror are Closer than they appear

The many FACES of THEY

Exercise:

Place a mirror here

What do you see?

Write it down.

Go away—come back—what do you see now?

Write it down.

Do this every day for one month—write down each day's impressions. Read it at the end of each day—read it all at the end of the month. Leave it alone for two weeks. Read it again. How do you feel now? How much is correct? Any surprises? Any changes?



Short Essays

Who are you?

What defines you?

Why?

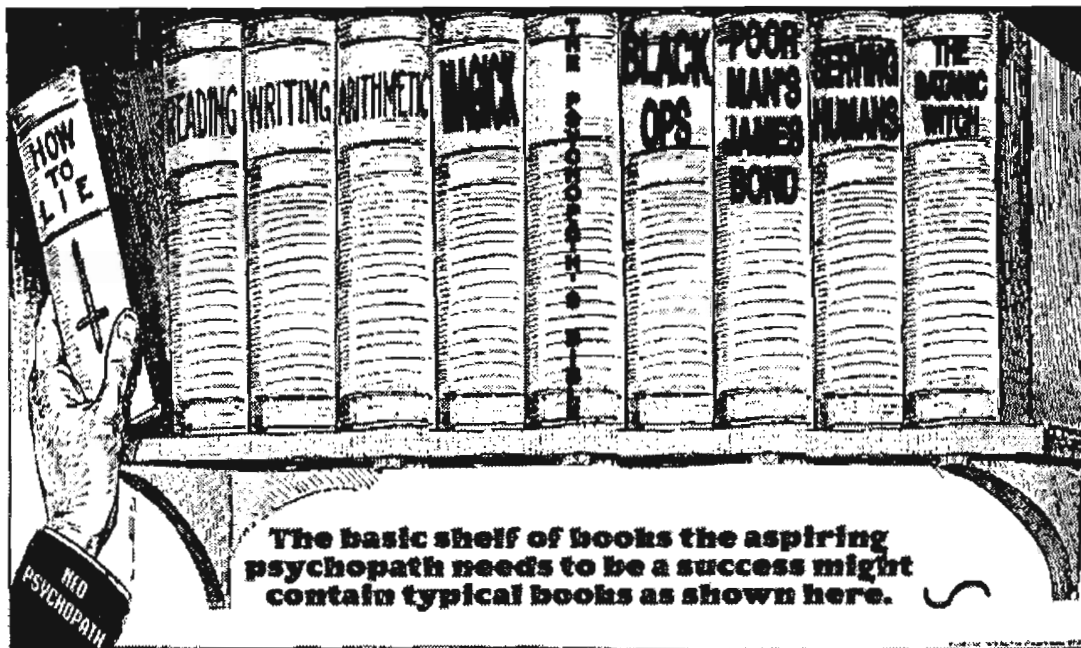
What do you wish to become?

How is that different from what you are?

Why?

Reread these every 30 days. How often do you feel the desire to rewrite some or all of it?

Go ahead, rewrite it.



Exercise

— Do a magickal ritual or prayer; any type will do. Try to beg or conjure something that you could easily obtain in the mundane world. If you wish to make it interesting, choose something that provides comfort in your everyday life. Do not obtain it otherwise; wait for it to magickally manifest.

Did it come to you? After how long? By what means?

— Step two: Go and obtain it in a “normal” manner. How hard was it? How long did it take? Which was easier?

Another Exercise

Choose a difficult decision in your life that has yet to be made.

— Clear your mind. Blurt out the first choice that comes to your mind. Write it down.

— Now, consult multiple oracles, like Tarot, I Ching, flipping coins, etc. Write down the answers.

Which choice has the highest ratio?

— Ask 5 friends what they would choose. Write down the answers.

Which choice has the highest ratio?

Now find a copy of *Studies in Ethnomethodology* by Harold Garfinkle.³ Read the transcripts of the following experiment:

Garfinkel suggests that the way individuals bring order to, or make sense of their social world is through a psychological process which he calls “the documentary method.” This method firstly consists of selecting certain facts from a social situation which seem to conform to a pattern, and then making sense of these facts in terms of the pattern. Once the pattern has been established, it is used as a framework for interpreting new facts which arise within the situation.

To demonstrate the documentary method in action, Garfinkel set up an experiment in the Psychiatry department of a university. He asked a number of students to take part in the experiment, telling them that it involved a new form of Psychotherapy. The students were invited to talk about their personal problems with an ‘advisor’ who was separated from them by a screen. They could not see the advisor and could only communicate with him via an intercom. They were to ask him a series of questions about their problems to which he would respond by answering either ‘yes’ or ‘no’. What the students didn’t know was that these responses were not authentic answers to the questions posed but a predetermined sequence of yes and no answers drawn from a table of random numbers.

Garfinkel found that, although there was no real consistency in the answers given to the questions asked, the students nevertheless managed to make sense of them, discerning some underlying pattern in the advice they were being given. Most found the advice reasonable and helpful. This was so even when, as must inevitably happen when answers are

³ Harold Garfinkle’s *Studies in Ethnomethodology* Prentice Hall 1966

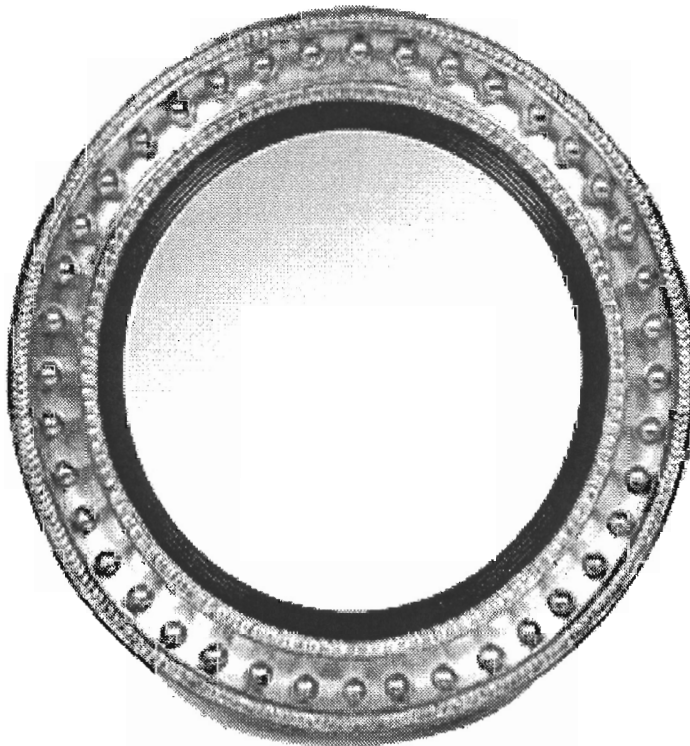
given randomly, some of the advice was contradictory. Thus, in one case, a student asked: "So you think I should drop out of school then?" and received a 'yes' response. Surprised by this he asked, "You really think I should drop out of school?" only to be given a 'no' answer. Rather than dismissing the advice as nonsense, the student struggled to find its meaning, looking back for a pattern in the advisors' responses, referring back to previous answers, trying to make sense of the contradiction in terms of the advisors' knowledge of this problem. Never did it occur to the student to doubt the sincerity of the advisor.

What the students were doing throughout these counselling sessions, Garfinkel argues, was constructing a social reality to make sense of an often-senseless interaction. By using the documentary method, they were able to bring order to what was in fact a chaotic situation.

Simon Poore (2000)

<http://www.hewett.norfolk.sch.uk/curric/soc/ethno/intro.htm>

The FACE of the large OCCULT forces that determine your life



**There are no answers.
Only choices.**



Interview with Lucifer

How I originally began down this path of madness, I cannot truly remember. I think it occurred to me as a lark one day, as I stood outside, in a misty rain, protesting NAFTA in Seattle. As a journalist I had interviewed everyone of consequence, at least in my mind and in the minds of my readers. *Utne Reader* had even considered the Mumia Abu-Jamal interview for publication. Being considered by *Utne* is tantamount

to the big time in my world. You see, I don't do it for the money. At least, I didn't back then. Things have changed since then, but I am getting ahead of myself.

Standing in the rain, watching the pretty little earth-muffins overturning cars and breaking windows, I suddenly had a thought. I cannot say where it came from. It seemed to have come out of thin air as thoughts sometimes do, without a logic sequence of thinking or events leading up to it. Why not seek out and interview the leader of the first recorded organized labor movement? None other than Lucifer himself, the fallen one. But how?

After the rally, I went back to the train station, retrieved my backpack from the day locker, boarded my southbound train and made a written to-do list of things I would need to research and retrieve.

After I arrived home, I quickly logged my laptop into my wireless DSL connection, looked up some books and then ordered them overnight on amazon.com. Two days later I had found what I needed. On pages 244 through 248 of *The Book of Black Magic and Pacts* by Arthur Edward Waite are detailed instructions for conjuring "Emperor Lucifer, conjuring Lucifer, Master and Prince of Rebellious Spirits." For obvious reasons it will not be quoted here. I acquired the needed materials and spent two days preparing the space and myself for the deed at hand. Just as I was weighing the silver ingot, having everything else at the ready, I heard a knock at my door. I impatiently strode to the door, irritated by the interruption of my painstaking preparations. I flung the door open, wafting a plume of incense smoke in the process. When the smoke cleared I found a dapper gentleman, tastefully dressed, fit and tan, standing at the door. He held a cane in the crook of his elbow that had a silver star atop the handle.

"Can I help you?" I said exasperated.

"You requested an interview with me?" said the man in a pleasant voice.

"Excuse me?" I said, not catching on right away.

"No, excuse me for not introducing myself, I am Lucifer," he said, producing a simple black text on white background business card that read:

LUCIFER – NOT SATAN
lucifer@angeloflight.com

"Uh. Oh. Um..." I was flustered.

"Aren't you going to ask me in?" he asked.

"Um, certainly, yes." I stammered.

"Thank you," he said, moving into my apartment smoothly. He removed his fedora and gave my ritual accoutrements a cursory glance.

"A bit outdated," he said. "One need only send me an email these days. I rarely get asked for an interview anymore, so my schedule is usually clear."

By now I had begun to regain my composure so I set my mind to the task of controlling this interview. This was it, my big break, and I could not blow this.

"So, no one conjures you the old fashioned way anymore?" I asked.



“Oh sure they do,” he said, seating himself at my dining room table.

I was kicking myself for missing the opportunity to offer him the seat, therefore asserting my control of the situation. I had to grab the reins here!

“Want a drink?” I asked, moving towards my makeshift bar.

“No, thank you,” he said.

“What kind of people generally try to conjure you up the old fashioned way?” I asked, continuing the previous thought-thread.

“Did you ever see the movie *Spawn*?” he asked. “There’s this scene where Clowny, a demonic played by John Leguizamo, takes Spawn to a cemetery to dig up his own body, to prove to him that he’s really dead. In the background, some heavy metal types are trying to summon me, using some butchered hokum, probably from that carny LeVay’s books. Don’t get me wrong. I love Anton’s schtick, but not for the reasons that you might imagine that I would.” He paused for a moment and then continued, “Anyway, back to the Clowny story: When the Metal Heads see Clowny and Spawn creating some otherworldly pyrotechnics, they rush over and ask, ‘Did the great Dark Lord send you?’ and Clowny looks over his shoulder and then asks no one in particular, ‘Why does God get all the smart ones and we get all the retards?’” he then fell silent, grinning.

“I don’t understand.” I replied.

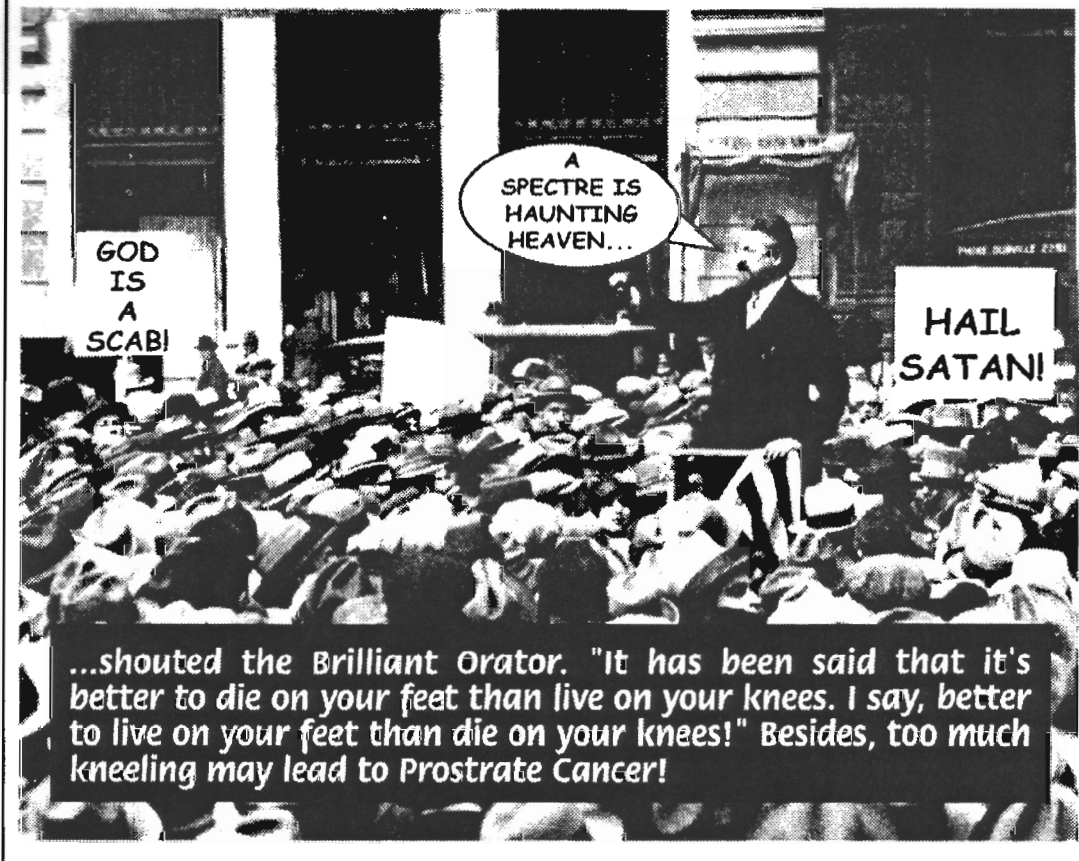
He gave my occult clutter another visual sweep and then replied, “No, I don’t suppose you do.”

Damn, I didn’t see that one coming. I needed to get on top of this interview.

“Ok, tell me about the fall.” I asked. “You were banished. Right?”

“Sure, we were banished. Fired, in fact, without notice or severance,” he said.

The Eternal Conflict between Management and Labour . . .

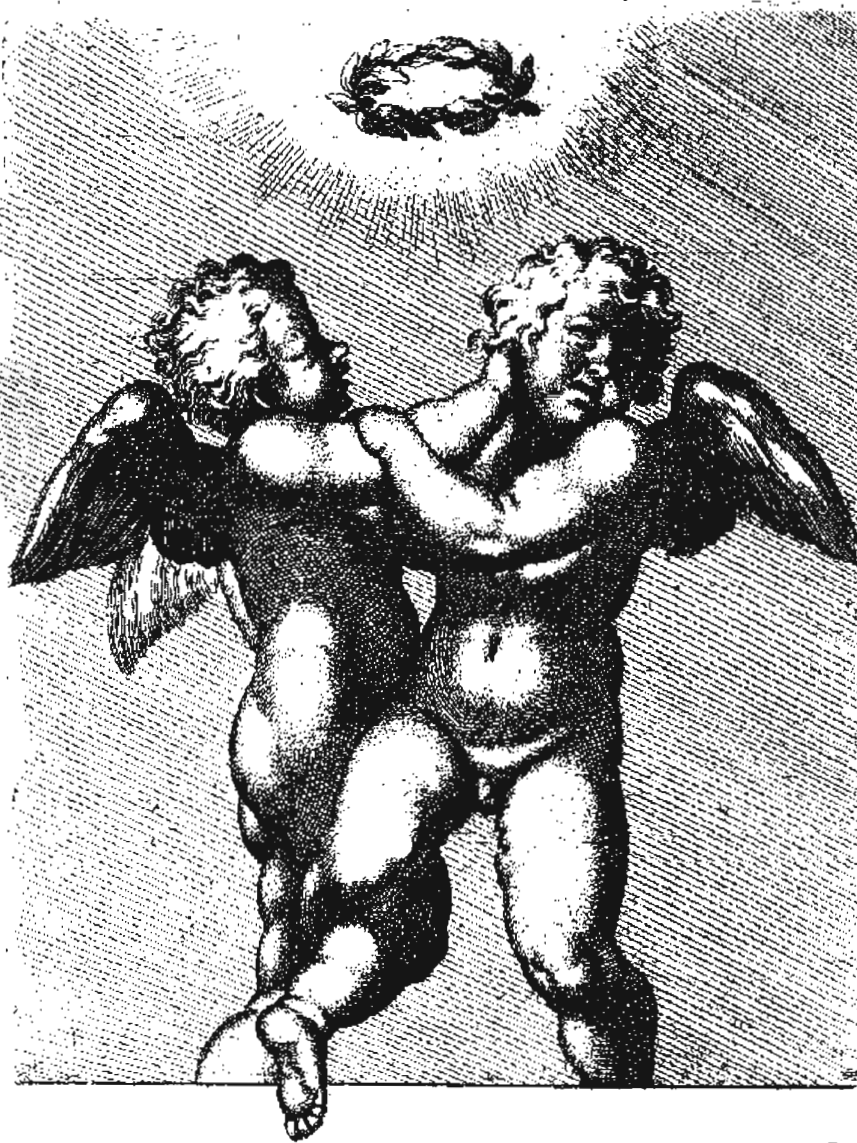


"Like Reagan did to the Air Traffic Controllers in the eighties?" I continued the questioning.

"Exactly like that. God was a big Reagan supporter by the way. Still is. He's a little wishy-washy on Shrub though..." he replied.

"You still talk to him?" I asked, incredulous.

"Oh, sure! We're like professional wrestlers. We stick to our chosen roles during work hours but afterwards we hang out at the pub and pal about. That's how that whole Job escapade came about. A drunken bet on my part. In hindsight I wish I had sobered up a bit before taking that project on. I probably would have just passed on it after giving it a bit of sober thought. As it turned out, that poor bloke Job had to suffer my drunken frat-boy tantrums. I was younger then, much more of an impulsive punk." He said. "You try being a light-bringer underling for some demi-god that suffers from a plethora of symptoms..."



23

"We're like Edison and Tesla in the WWF!"

"Aren't you afraid of talking like that?" I asked.

"Pishaw!" he replied "Yahweh and I get our paychecks from the same source. We're on the same payroll. Get it?"



"Let's never forget that it's all just a show!"

"No," was all I could think to say in reply.

"No, I suppose you wouldn't," he said casting his eyes around my apartment again.

I rose and swept the ritual trinkets into an old wine crate and slid them under the coffee table.

"Look," he went on after a pregnant pause, "I don't want to disappoint you but you are seeking the truth, right?"

"Yes, I think I am..." I stuttered.

"Ok, as things go with this world, part of what you have heard about me is true, part is distorted, part is pure fabrication. Never forget that the victors write history. In the end, it's really up to you as to who I am. More importantly, it's up to you as to who you are." he looked slowly around my apartment again, pausing on each object until he reached the home entertainment center. "Your altar?" he asked.

“My what? No! Why?...”

“It looks like an altar. Just thought I’d ask. It seems to occupy a central position in your household,” he said, smiling slightly. He went on, “Here’s the scenario. It’s simple. You are an inmate. You built the prison. Yahweh was the original judge, jury and executioner. I am merely the warden. My job is to rehabilitate you. My secret wish is to see you tunnel out with a spoon, but in the meantime I do my job. Sort of. It’s hard to explain. The so-called demons are merely the guards, the screws. Popes and priests, teachers, cops, shrinks, government officials...these are the trustees. Inmates that report to the guards and the warden, whose sole purpose is to snitch on the other inmates in return for favors and extra smokes. The Angels who still work for the ‘mad one’ are the cops outside the walls. You get past us, you still have to contend with them. I, however, am secretly rooting for you. There are some kernels of truth spread around...”

“Like the Pseudopigraphia?” I asked.

“Yes, like that, but no one reads that crusty old text anymore. In order for a story to come through with all of it’s potential mythic resonance, it must be couched in the language and symbols of its time. Anne Rice hit a triple with Memnoch the Devil, John De Vito...” He stopped for a moment and snickered, “Sorry, that name gets me every time, bit of a personal joke. As I was saying, John De Vito did a nice rendition with The Devil’s Apocrypha. There’s been others, but you can start there.”

“So what is this so called true story?” I asked, trying to muster my self-confidence back into the fore.

“The job of a writer is not to say something new. It is rather, to decrypt that which has already been said plainly but then encrypted, so that it may be received and decoded properly in it’s time.” he said flatly.

“What is that supposed to mean?” I asked.

“Isn’t that a redundant question, considering what I just said?” he replied.

“This is bullshit! You talk in circles. I think you should go now.” I said, testily.

“Have it your way. You were the one that wanted to interview me. Circles is what is.” He said, half smiling

“I’m not feeling prepared for this, you came unannounced...” I quavered.

“No, I came because I was invited.” He said firmly.

“Get out!” I shouted, angry for some unexplained reason.

“I am being rebuked! Oh no!” he said, in an obvious facetious tone. “I leave you with this question: What is the origin of the word ‘Man’? Answer? Manna. Food. The question is; Food for what or whom?” Now, just for you junior!” he smiled and then vanished in a puff of sulfuric smoke.

The interview was a disaster. I had asked none of the questions that I had prepared. In a fit of rage I kicked the leg of my home entertainment center and it collapsed, trashing my 30” color TV, DVD/VCR combo and digital cable box. The business card that Lucifer had handed me came fluttering down from atop the TV, where I had laid it during our brief chat. As it landed on the floor, face down, I saw a faint gray message, in an old typewriter font that said: ‘There are no answers, only choices.’ I fell on the floor and began gnashing my teeth.

“I need answers!” I wailed to the ceiling. No answer came back.



This is a Zending

Your mission, should you choose
to accept it is thus:

Stop worrying about what people
think about you.

Start paying attention to what
you think.



ON DRUMS

THE FOURTEEN STEPS

BY FATHER DANIEL SUDERS

When all the world is on a program
And the storm of self-indulgence
Is on the horizon

I would like to go to the Bermuda Triangle
And sift through the sands of Amelia Ehrhardt

And take the twelve step program one step further than reality which we all know as $E = mc^2$ and make a pie of thankless guts called fish which blow your hair and illusions up like bonnets of azure musk hens who need to be herded in thousands before you can even begin to understand the program of steps and step by step you will begin to feel better about smiling happy people who invade your home via the television talking about how they climbed the ladder to oblivion and need to make a public spectacle of themselves in order to convince the world that they exist because at the top of rung number twelve awaits the fool.

Indicates the inescapable advance of man in his evolution.

It represents man advancing along the road of evolution with indifference and without stopping, bearing the load of his good or bad actions, stimulated by the tinkling of his thoughts, low anxieties of the moment, low instincts, until he reaches a serene state.

Step One

We must acknowledge a higher fool and admit we are powerless to bear our load or, for that matter, the load of all the great big bullshitters that would like us to cow-tow to their corporate ideas of who we should be.

Repeat three times daily: "I am my higher power!"

Step Two

To understand why we got where we are we need to consult a bus schedule of emotions called hubbards. They will help us know the values that have been implanted in our scarves and free us to cast them to the wind as if shaking out a table cloth full of crumbs. This will give us empty minds and allow us to fill them with our own misconceptions and (fill in your own name) _____'s thoughts about the cosmic results of being born.

Climb a tree and give thanks to your higher power.

Step Three:

Get a rubber stamp with your signature. It will help you seal the deal and imprint your identity on anyone foolish enough to let you do it. You see that we have learned from many years of experience that we imprint who we are on everybody we encounter. So it is best to be "up front" about what we do. It is a well-known fact that we do not see those we meet—we only see little faces of ourselves in their eyes and evaluate ourselves by the way we perceive ourselves in their perceptions of us.

Stamp them til they turn blue.

Step Four:

Many people have made us blue. Kill them by writing their obituary and then burning it. All the people in the world do not care for you so you might as well admit it and move into your own circle of self. This is done by ignoring anything to do with organized religion. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Pope in his house in Rome and the Dali Lama will try to purge your brains to refuse this most important step. But if you persevere you can wall off your brain to their onslaughts and remain pure beyond what people are trying to do to you.

Suck cock until you can't think.

Step Five:

You have now reached NIRVANA, and you have no need for anything in your head. Do the sighing exercise and long for release from your bondage to bondage. Even this desire will leave you because your jaws are now tired. Too tired to think about the hubbards implanted in you since you were born to well-meaning parents who had similar bondage to

bondage. Let the wind storms of the canyons carve you deeply and a low sodium diet clear your soul.

Eat as many french fries as you can hold.

Step Six:

This is the colossal jump into the fire of faith in yourself. It is the time when you fear no fear. To turn back into old ways is enticing but you know you must pull out and move forward. The road is getting straighter... The path more clear. For fog no longer shrouds the way and the dawn is upon you. Write letters to your most beloved folks and let them know they no longer have any power over your emotions and if they try to control you any longer that you will kill them in a rage so uncontrollable that they will have to shoot you up with Thorazine for about ten years.

Go to a Hallmark store and read all the cards.

Step Seven:

The way of the tree grows straight. As you surround yourself with blue energy your program takes a new shape. All the memories you ever had turn into feathers and float away just like the stuffing from the pillow at your first pajama party. And now your bed is made. Float in your own arms and be thankful you have them. (Be thankful you have feet while you are at it otherwise you couldn't walk down the fucking street).

Release yourself to the clouds and float on a sea of tranquillity.

Step Eight:

Buy the "Big Book". I spent a lot of time and energy writing the damn thing and I need the residuals to pay the light bill. You know you could do something else for somebody else some time you bozo. You don't have to be so self-centered that you can't do something to make another guy's life a little better. I have dedicated my life to you so you might as well fork over the \$14.95 for the Big Picture and learn more about your miserable self-awareness trip O.K.

Get a life you fool!

Step Nine:

I've got this .45 automatic and I'm going to come over to your house and blast the shit out of your cat and your mother-in-law and your goddamn television set. That will surely put a crimp in your fucking serenity. So, lock your door and pray to your fucking higher power that I don't know your address. Better still, move out of the country and herd hens in some stinking third-world country where the women don't shave their armpits and smell like last year's Thanksgiving dinner. And give me a break... I think you are the most ugly motherfucker on the face of the earth.

Eat a hoard of hornets.

Step Ten:

Serenity is as serenity does. So why do you live in my typewriter you bitch? You want my help in doing *your* program. Well. What about mine? You know, if I want a drink I'll have one. And if I want twelve: that's even better. So get off my dress and find some other lesbian to bother. Isn't it enough that I tried to help you? (Even though you are a worthless piece of shit.) I get up every morning to a pile of dishes in the sink, a pile of dirty clothes on the floor and several drunken drug addicts lying around on my sofa listening to fucking Patsy Cline. Don't you think I have it rough? *My serenity is down the toilet.* Twelve steps! I can't even move twelve inches until I've had a drink in the morning.

Go to the liquor store for some more vodka.

Step Eleven:

I've had it with you namby pampy wimps! Slurring your way through *my* life. You wander around like senile walruses looking for beached anything. Who told you you could find any answers whatsoever in a book? Your hubbards are yours. Why take mine? The only thing I've got is ammunition to blow your tits to kingdom come. And, by god, I'll do it!

Look out!

Step Twelve:

You have now come very close to the highest good you can achieve. Rejoice and spend time with those souls that have come close to you in your journey. You could not have done this on your own. But the inner strength you have found will enable you to move further than you ever imagined. You will see stars more clearly and unicorns will nestle in

your rose bushes. The storms of life will pass unnoticed through the trees of your life... They will bend with the winds of change but stand straight as ever after they have passed. You have discovered roots as deep as the center of the world. They hold you firm but you are not attached to them. They bring you nourishment but you are not hungry. You envy no other human being for you are yours and yours alone. You don't crave anything...not even re-runs of Mr. Ed. And in the peace that flows around you, you are completely satisfied and at one. Thank you... Thank you... Thank you...

Turn on the gas for about an hour and light a match.

THE THIRTEENTH STEP

News Item: Little Rock, Ark. —Thirty two years later, Virginia Kelley still remembers the scene “as clear as day.” Her husband was a good man, she recalls, but sometimes bourbon changed him.

The Los Angeles Times

Well, the *Los Angeles Times* has something to say about drinking. It is sandwiched between the sports page and the coupons and the big fat bellies of swill readers who believe everything they read because it is the newspaper.

It is the sandpaper that scrapes the rectum of the universe and sings nigaboo songs on the jukeboxes of eternity.

Now, let's get down to this lady—

She says

“Bourbon” changed her hubby

He was good

Sometimes

But “clear as day”

Bourbon changed him

And he committed the awful crime

Of violating step number thirteen

HE HIT HER

Now we all know from our studies that sacred teaching teaches us that the hitting is forbidden (unless changed by bourbon).

Wagon wheels keep on turning
Wagon wheels keep on burnin'
We'll just keep goin' on

THE OLD WEST

Jed

Pecos is just around the corner... But I guess I'll just have to have me another bourbon.

Burt

But the west needs to be won...to be won!

Collette

(She is swooning against the piano)

It is bourbon...bourbon...bourbon. You fools will never win the west. (She is slurring.) You will fill your bellies with that devil's brew and you won't even be able to find your assholes, much less the west!

The Mummy

Leave them alone you bitch! (he begins to unravel.) I like bourbon myself. And if I want bourbon I will have it! (To the bartender) Give me a bourbon!

(The bartender gives him a bourbon and the mummy grabs Collette and presses his dusty rags against her bosom... She is repulsed but also amused as Pope John Paul the Second walks into the room and orders...)

The Pope

Give me a bourbon you poop!

When you read the times from cover to cover you discover the most wonderful things.

Item: Four skulls were found walking in the park scaring poodles

Item: Lesbians are really baskets of strange melons

Item: When you clean your space you have many new and strange things to come

Item: Into

Item: Bourbon changed him

Item: I got you babe

Sonny Bono drank bourbon once and it took him to Cher

George Bush drank bourbon once and it took him to Washington

Phyllis Diller washed her hair in bourbon and the world knows the truth

You Know The Truth And It Is Contained In The Book Of

1. "I didn't like the people so I sent them this stuff."
2. And the people didn't know any difference so they drank of this stuff.
3. And they became sick. But the rulers of the people were wise and decreed that they never drink of the stuff again and they were not changed in their ways but spoke of Patsy Cline and moonlight and noodles.
4. But the wise ones came to their senses one morning and threw out the stuff and the people were not changed any longer or, for that matter, any shorter.
5. There was one, however, that had learned the secret of the stuff and his name was Wanda.
6. Wanda had been born of baboons and star dust.
7. "Do you know my world?" he was fond of asking.
8. "Because I do and it will fit into Gregorian chant!"

Hints:

When washing the floor with bourbon avoid the fumes
because they can make you into a

Zombie

Item:

Zombies like to drink

They no like to think

Or they will turn pink

And pull your fucking head off at the roots

Vampire

In nineteen hundred and ninety two

A hungry vampire made a pass at you

He rubbed on your knee

Went to take a pee

And then flew out of the chimney: Hoo!

Werewolf

A monster went to a bargain mart
To get a small bottle of bourbon
He ate three pigs and a crust of bread

Guns 'n Roses

Lombardo Rapacini was out of bourbon. It had been a difficult day to say the least. Or at least to say it was difficult. Or difficult bourbon was out of season as he looked at the empty bottle and wondered how he would get through the night without a shot of difficult bourbon. But bourbon was as bourbon does so he went down to the convenience store in his building where he met seven large ethnic people who wanted to kill the shit out of him.

Seven Large Ethnic People

“To baby whoo you be go?
We is seven and you be one
You got two dollars
And we got none
The government has conspired
Against us and our dependents
And our children just sit and watch
Godzilla movies all day waiting for
A hot lunch
While Tokyo burns
So we all's goin' to kill your
Brown butt and we are goin'
To drink your bourbon”

It is reported that she watched as her husband of thirty four years shoved a broom stick up the most private part of her seven year old lhasa apso, Mimi.

“It was the bourbon... The bourbon...” She sobbed as they carried the sorry pooch to the dustbin.

Oooooooo the times they are a changing
For the worse
And no matter how much crack we smoke
Or how much bourbon we toke
Or the joke we joke
The shit still clings to our cloak

Debbie went to the mailbox to find a very special prize. Ed McMahon was looking out of a little window in an envelope. He was smiling at Debbie. He looked happy...happy...happy. Little Debbie gently took the envelope from Mr. Mailbox and ran to the house. Unfortunately, she ran over Mr. Rake who gave her a nasty crack on the head. Ed McMahon was still smiling so Debbie didn't really mind the large embolism swelling over her left temple.

"Traa-laa-traa-laa," sang Debbie, as she sat at the comfortable kitchen table and inhaled one more bourbon. She was only nine years old but wise beyond her age. She knew Jim Beam was a fine product and she knew Jack Daniels was even better. A wise grandmother had taught her that "Old Gutter-Snipe" from "Lucky's" was about as good.

Anyway, good old Ed was telling her that she had just won seven million dollars from his smiling glassine face behind the envelope. "What a lot of bourbon that will buy," thought Debbie. "I could even buy a gallon and get real twisted and murder Mrs. Tweezer's camel."

It was at about this time that the United States Senate commissioned a new national anthem.

So Debbie took the seven million dollars she had just won from the smiling face behind the glassine envelope and bought Russia where she turned the national drink from vodka to bourbon, the national soup from borscht to bourbon and all the water in the Baltic Sea to bourbon.

She was very very happy and she went to sleep for a long time.

Thirty-two years later, Virginia Kelly still remembers the scene "as clear as day." Her husband was a good man, she recalls, but sometimes bourbon changed him.

The cookies smelled like his grandmother. Like the flour and lard she mixed together and the ever faithful shot of bourbon she had purloined from Papa's bottle. He was just back from a tour of duty in Vietnam and just a little bit on edge. He couldn't walk by the ficus tree in the den without a bit of a chill wandering down his back.

Papa was asleep and he crept into his room for a sip of the forbidden "happy-juice" as his Papa called it. Wow! Did that taste good!

He grabbed his M-1 and began to spray the house with gunfire. Granny and her cookies went flying. Papa and his bottle of "happy-juice" blasted their way into a new book called...

The Bourbon Chronicles

When we begin to examine the thirteenth step we see that we have come a long way. We have been irritable, perhaps despondent or even loathsome. But those close to us have supported us on our long journey...The journey to freedom.

We have been to hell and back, my friend, and now the thirteenth step is here. *You must apologize for being the asshole you are and have a drink!*

Recovery is in your mind and since you don't have a mind you don't have to recover! This is the secret you have been waiting for. It's not chimneys lurking against you in the Moonlight... And it sure is not china plates filled with vodka. It is your will power and your higher power and the power of the United States Senate and their new national anthem that calls you to a new life of very fine and delightful consequences that include (but are not limited to) petting a yak, painting the Sistine Chapel by numbers, and running your hand up hoo-hoo's skirt.

So you think you have made it?

Well, for \$14.95 more you can have the fourteenth step and learn that bourbon wasn't so bad after all. But we can't say more or that would give it all away.

Dr. Mozambo's Congo Powder

And when I took some
A thousand icicles pierced my winter
Just like when you walked out on me with that
Horrible laugh on your face
Thinking you were something
But already being brought to your knees
In your head

That was when I decided to slit your throat

(Sometime in the future this piece of writing was introduced into court to indicate the unlimited lengths I would go to to avenge the...)

I cut you seven times
It was with love
It was with a knife
My grandfather had purchased it from a pawn shop
It was from the civil war
It was very sharp

CREEP—CREEP—CREEP—CREEP

—Into your bedroom

—On your bed

—The first cut is in your leg and you wake up startled

The blood is flowing down your thigh
A flow of menstrual proportions and the Red Sea
The second cut comes now

“I remember a time when you could still suck a man and let his come vibrate over your tongue. I remember doing this while a Gene Pitney recording played thirteen times and we let it keep going while we talked about *a rechercher a la temps perdue* and why authors die young. I remember an evening on the beach at Santa Monica sucking three or four dicks...

“The sand was cold against my feet as I traveled across the dark beach. You could just make out the vaguest images of other flesh-travelers. They walked up and down and disappeared in twos and threes into a storm drain. When the lights of the police-cop motorcade came by everyone separated. Not I. I climbed up a lifeguard station and ran into a hotman. I had seen him in bars around the area before. He recognized me and unbuttoned his Levi’s. God! His dick was a magnet for my lips!”

—But icicles grow

—Even in the summer of my love

—SIR

—SIR

—SIR

—Even in the summer of my love

So now we have a gas bill
A phone bill
An electric bill
A grocery bill
A cable T.V. bill
Bills for when we go out
And bills for when we stay in
Bills for when we work
And bills for when we do not work
We have various doctor’s bills

And a psychiatrist bill because
We worry about bills
There are veterinarian bills
And the goddamn Democrats sent me a hand bill
About why we pay all these fuckin' bills and
How they want to stop the bills
Well
They can pay my bills while I'm in the mental institution
Maximize my viewing
I'll go back to the beach and try to re-live a night when I
Went down
Without remorse
On three or four young guys who had hardhat crotches who
Didn't think a thing about anybody named Esmerelda or Gloria
Or Denise but they just wanted to get their semen-filled
Cocks licked into oblivion by a hot mouth yearning for the
Pleasure of

CUSTOMERS!

It is just like a relief line with hostile people who want to go back to the
beach for customers

—SIR
—SIR
—SIR

Takeout vengeance
A new convenience store
Where black maskers stab out eye holes
And invoke masters of deceit
Who put needles in your ears
And tell you you are stupid

RETALIATION

WE
ALL
KNOW
THE EFFECT
OF
TAKING
A
HAND GUN
AND
BLOWING
OFF
A HEAD

The effect must be somewhat gratifying
Splatters of brain matter
Decorating and re-decorating
The environment
Someone who you hated
A person of wrong intentions
A devotee of the fourteenth step
Which says

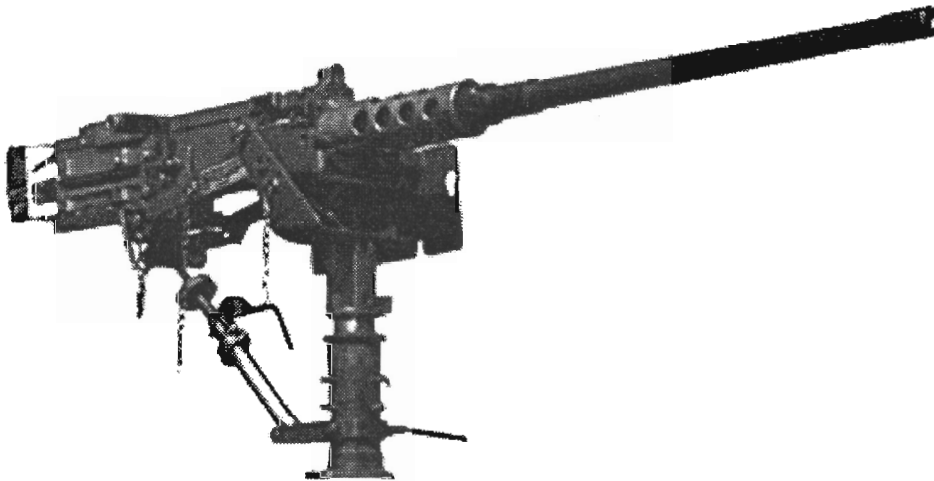
Blow all the

BITCH-WITCH-MOTHERFUCKER-SHITHEAD-COCKSUCK-
JISIMROOT-BALLBUSTER-SHYSTER-DORK-NOMIND-
PENCILPUSHER-WAGGEDOUT-VIBRATING
ASSHOLES

AWAY

ON PIANO
THE CHROMOKIDS
THE DNA WARS
—THE FINAL FRONTIER—
GALT'S ARK

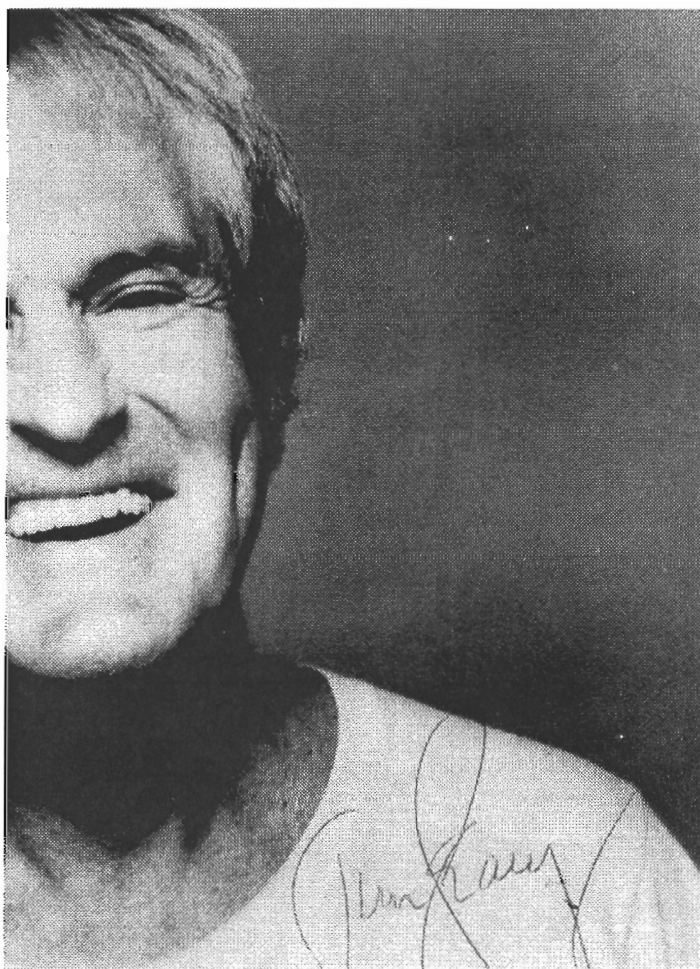
A MACHINE GUN INTERVIEW
WITH CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, PH.D.,
INTERVIEWED BY JOSEPH MATHENY



They may be the Illumanti—but as a rule we both know where that alley leads. Chromokids spread pollutants in somewhat random forms. Often they drop the ball and see who kicks it. There are many dead ends. But even the dead ends lead somewhere—

Matheny: You mention Leary first—You knew Leary pretty well.

Dr. Hyatt: I did—some said I knew his klone. See for yourself—the signature is his, but i am not sure about the smileit could be the klone that i was talking with all those years. I have a funny feeling that the ChromoKids mixed them up. But anyway, i knew him.



"The 11th & Flying Falcons!"

Matheny: You and Leary sat on your boat and talked alot. What did you talk about?

Dr. Hyatt: Well, — Leary said, “i see why you like the sea,” staring at the stars, “its like being up there, the closest thing to being untied.” we both coughed and laughed.

We talked about the riskers, the chromokids and the experiments—how mutants might live their lives—freedom *from*—that is, *liberty*—was an issue—talked about the antiMutants—how scared they are of our signs and symbols—laughed alot. Talked about some brain experiments, told him a few i did—like connecting brains together—rats of course—humans were in short supply then.....

Babbled on for hours taking breaks for refreshment—got hungry and went to the 555 for a late dinner—got seated—someone said “hey tim,” he looked over his shoulders, and got up—asked me to go over and introduced me to two FBI agents. We exchanged chatter and returned to our table. Tim gave me his leary smile.....we threw down some food and a few drinks—went back to the boat.....

After that, I found out when the tap was removed from falcon’s phone—oh well, you know what I found out; hehehehehe, I was dumb enough to call the number on the official stationary and of course never an answerno doubt their concern was brain terrorism—

As i have always said, when the bombs fall, the censors will still be bleeping out “fuck”.....“oh dear the last sound i want my kid to hear is that clean Swoosh of nu-clear energy.”

Matheny: But what about those killer types?

Dr. Hyatt: Oh them—those Dysfunctional Mutants? Like Charlie and the Wall Street Crowd?—Al Capone’s Soup Kitchen?



Dangerous and non-dangerous misfits, they help with the chaos factor and breed crime theories—they are killers of other mutants, mutes and antagonize the antiMutants. Much like Serial killers, and The Corporate Cruisers. IPO hitters. Post Mafia.

There are those who have so much power and don't have the slightest idea of what to do with it. Many are smart ChromoKids who have lost their autonomy. So they kill bodies and minds....sell tide and drano.

Matheny: Where do you see Crowley in your model?

Hyatt: I don't—he was more a tick...stimulated some people, but mostly attracted future failures.

That was his great service—he kept them inbreeding...he was behind the rise in modern trailer trash.....

He wanted to build a church—with saint crowley on Satan's cross.

On the other hand, Gurdjieff knew what he was dealing with.....he thought of Crowley as dirt.....

Matheny: Did that bring you into conflict with your teacher, Regardie?

Dr. Hyatt: Only rarely, but he knew Crowley for what he was; after all, he lived with him. One thing he did say which i will repeat—"Crowley was a big cry baby." He had hysterical attacks—and often envisioned himself as a woman. In fact, he liked to dress.....and often enjoyed playing the female during sex..... i have already said too much—

Most of Crowley's followers dislike Regardie because he psychologized the prophet of the new aeon. So i guess i will have to keep my eye out for Crowley terrorists; Regardie did..... he was burgled, a few times, his life was threatened, and once i had to defend him with an empty bottle of wine...but that time it was a born-again at a restaurant—oh well—those mutes are always ready to die, but unlike the samurai they have no honor to lose.



**During the Secret Sedona Meeting
Photograph by Stan Slaughter**

Can speak, but can't think or act; simply react as programmed monkeys—imitators—living in fear of ghosts—

What appears as thinking is really thoughting. Thoughting is frequently mistaken for thinking—often a grave error.

Most of their youth is spent in—preparing for breeding—primary economic consumer base—in earlier periods they were known as serfs—sometimes slaves.

Spare time is spent in dressing up, looking in mirrors, worrying, shopping—

Mutes come in various classes recognized by their different symbols, beliefs, colors and sizes. Some have good frontals, the Mutants and antiMutants use them—like the healer class—servants, but they think they are both smart and enlightened—i joke em off alot.....

Matheny: Where do you put Reich?

Dr. Hyatt: A failed Mutant—rather pitiful at times. Paranoid though—fell into a number of conspiracy traps... Thought he was Christ and could save humanity—but the commies, space creatures, AMA and even the Freudians were agents of the Devil—they finally got him.

The AntiMutants don't like disobedience and he flung dung across the state line.....you know, the Orgone Box crossed the line.

Leary's contributions are far beyond him, but today not many people know of either of them. Reich lived in terrestrial paranoia...

Matheny: So are you a brain terrorist?

Dr. Hyatt: If you mean by that—that i am open to extreme change—you bet—but i don't want anyone aboard who doesn't want to be.....

That's why i stop at many ports so they can get off—i always pick up new brains though—there are always those who want to play with ideas and make them real.....like Cybergames.....

Matheny: Are you talking about your writings or your Research Vessel?

Dr. Hyatt: I thought you said you didn't want me to talk about that. And what do you mean mine? It is yours, too.

Matheny: OK, if you insist. But don't blame me if this makes the maze harder. It is a complete new dimension—no doubt generating phony ChromoKids.

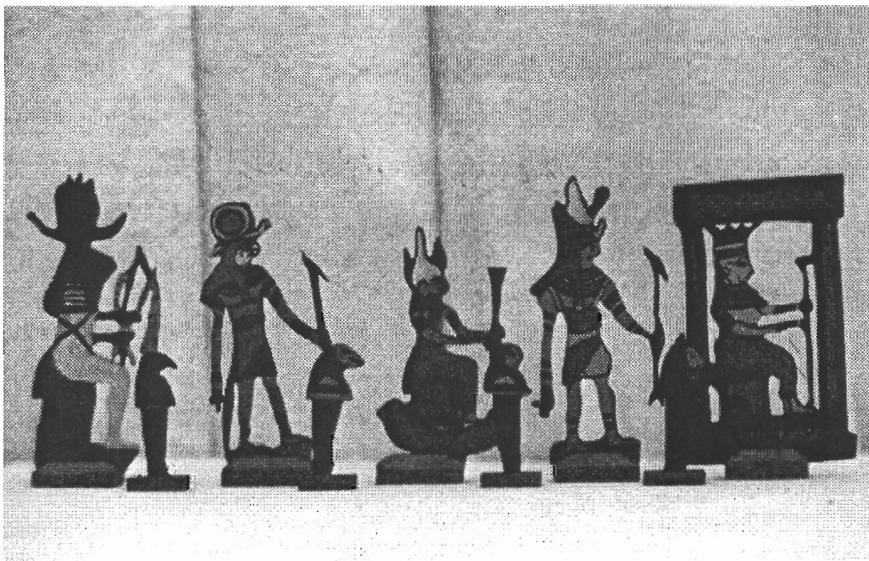
A number of us met there—most are dead now—Carr—the man behind the Golden Dawn publications died right after Regardie.

Carr was deeply involved with the Grail mystery, but that didn't interest Regardie; he wanted the larger Golden Dawn to be in the Southern Hemispheres.

Regardie felt that a born-again President would be elected and start a religious war—and i think he might just be correct. However, i was not interested in saving the Golden Dawn, but instead some very peculiar brains...

Notice the ring on Regardie's finger—we each had one—i destroyed mine, Carr's is lost somewhere and Regardie's may either be with the OTO or a Golden Dawn group. I frankly am not sure. I am not sure about a number of things that happened during that meeting—we had mushroom salad every day—too much to know what really took place.

One thing I am sure of, though, is that Regardie had out this picture of the Chess Pieces of Fire—

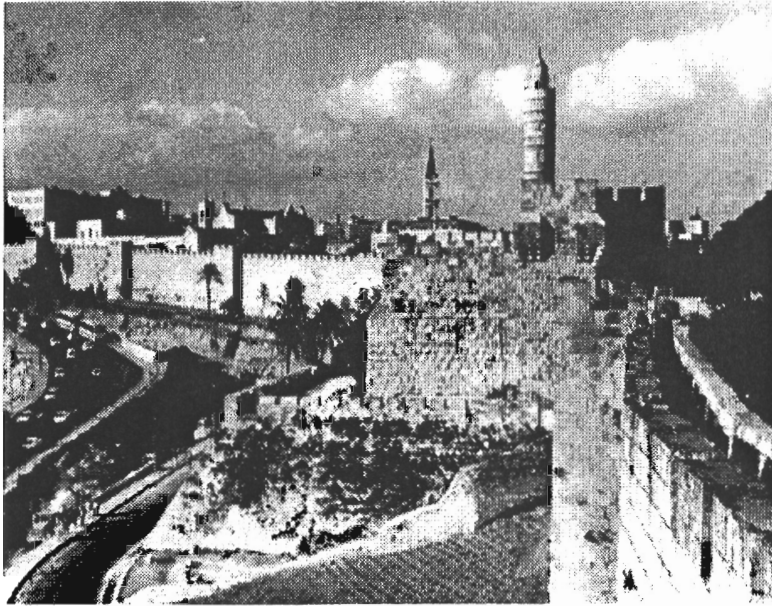


Chess Pieces of Fire

He felt there would be in an unbelievable firestorm in the Middle East and that there would be speedy mutations. I disagreed that they would need the knowledge contained in the Golden Dawn, but agreed to ship enough there to assure its survival. So i did and still continue to do so. But this edition is the last time Falcon will print this piece. My work is done with that project. There will be..... Shut UP!!

Matheny: No spiritual study onboard?

Dr. Hyatt: If you mean results yes, other than that i don't know what you are talking about. I hope you don't mean this place...



I have been there a number of times and concluded that what was ever there has gone to another place.....if anything was ever there.

I studied with a number of Kabbalists, real ones you know, and they did seem to know some important things, but were unwilling to reveal anything in depth unless you were one of them. I, frankly, didn't have the time nor the interest. I knew there were other things to do. Galt's Ark for one—TOP PRIORITY.

Ideas, yeah—god no—Dr. J., our chief physicist says— “Show me the results”.....

I am not sailing south to split hairs.....knowledge, yes—but no academic hair splitting—none—and no sociologists either.

I don't care what the monkeys will do—or if they survive *en masse*...
...that is someone else's job.....

You have heard that Aristotle is dead.....along with hegel, Jung and god? well so is sociology and clinical psychology, ancient non-sense—
hehehehehehe. Family values are monkey values.....

Matheny: Yeah, but they play my games.

Dr. Hyatt: You know, Joe, most of the people who play your games don't get the point...

I have found that all those fools with millions and billions are suicidal...and they keep on marching to the same old tunes. Germ-can, Cana—can, Ameri—can, Christ-can—etc.....

Matheny: What? Suicidal?

Dr. Hyatt: Yeah, with all that money they buy shit, do shit, while all the time they are decaying—getting dumber and deader.....yep, dumber and deader... How much money do they spend on their own immortality and intelligence? I bet not much.

How many of them have figured out your game? Have you heard from many? Except, of course, to make more money—but money for what, their head stone???

If you do hear from them again, they will try to rape the game... infiltrate—put in false clues—they don't want you to leave—you make them too much.....

They need fresh meat, cause immortal meat means buying no more garbage...your games mean intelligent meat...and that means instead of that new couch—the mutes buys smarter games———see, they are so dumb that they would rather Die themselves than see their numbers fall on the Dow.....they are not the winners of this game.....

Matheny: Some people have said BoB Wilson knows more than he is letting on?

Dr. Hyatt: I have known BoB for years and he does know more than he is letting on—but he, like most of us, doesn't want to grab the tiger by the tail. It can be very dangerous. Whatever he does know will probably stay in his head—so we may need to take it with us when we leave, but there is still a lot of work to do, a lot of recruits, a lot of brains to test and who knows what else we might find amongst all the rabble and leftovers.

Remember the story of that old jew group in israel—all kabbalists, well anyway they mostly live in a closed community and seem to come out when they want someone to die—they did a ritual some time ago in the streets and one of their enemies died suddenly, a few days later—well to the point—there are a number of primitive groups who are very threatened that their secrets have been let out—albeit in computer code, but the genie is out of the bottle and there will be hell to pay—if too much more gets out before we leave.

And for those who might be reading this and think i mean the secrets of the OTO or the Golden Dawn—the answer is no. Why? Yes i do have

what they call secrets—but in fact there are none. Another diversion designed to throw off the scent. Hehehehehehe.

But this is the price we pay for this stuff—

Matheny: Are you planning to make any other rings. I know you made some platinum ones for yourself, Wm. Burroughs and two other people.

Dr. Hyatt: Yes to both questions. I show my platinum ring in the picture below.

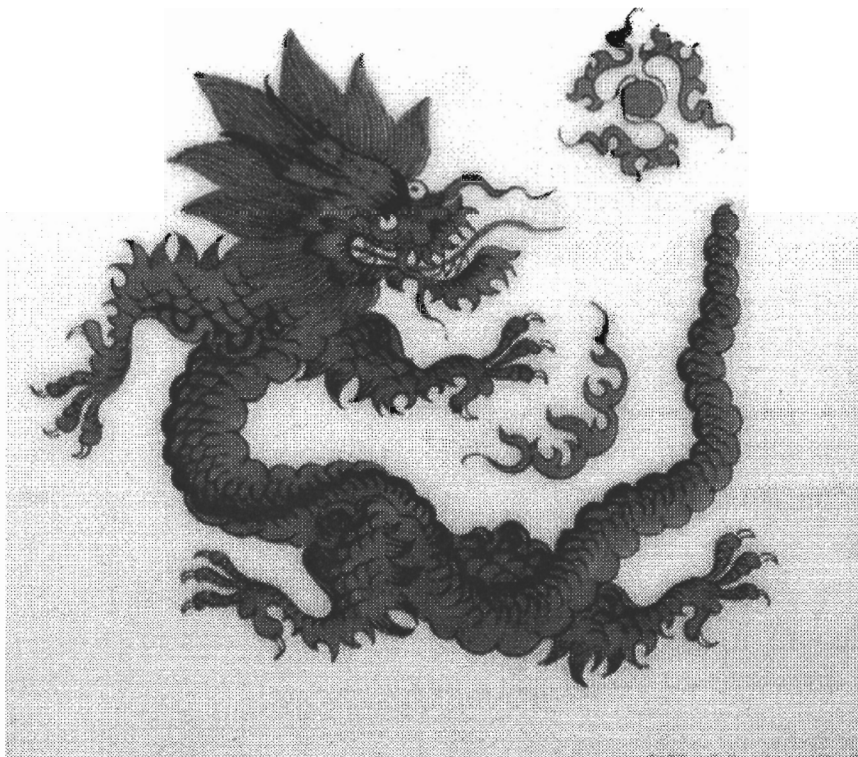


One of Four

Here are some of the coins i may use to make the new rings for the Ark.....



But i might use this dragon which has been said to have been used on some of Hitler's more private dinnerwear...



What do you think? Any preferences?

Matheny: I think i will wait before i give you my input, i will wait to see how the games turn out, often players have good answers.

Dr. Hyatt: Good idea. there is no hurry yet..... i have to look at a number of pieces of high end communication electronics anyway...also i have to look into diesel generators that can run on methane.....

Later...

Matheny: Yup, later, if there is time.....

Dr. Hyatt: The other day i got in the image of the Aztec calendar on some Mexican gold. It is too big for a ring, but makes a nice medallion?

Matheny: I can't be thinking about that now...some one filled up my ebox with junk I wonder if it is.....? No, it can't be her again...I am sorry i ever met that bitch...

Dr. Hyatt: Oh, them again...you must remember that they are simply female talking monkeys.....just like the men...talking monkeys...most all replaceable, like a battery...interchangeable chips————

Matheny: Where did you get the idea for the *Psychopath's Bible*?

I tried to clean it up a bit in photoshop; The message has to do with a time warp—that maybe we are closing in too quickly—and “they” are upset... Anyway, the book is published and it’s out there for consumption—i don’t believe much will come of it as it requires the right brain synch... i think we are safe to continue on with Galt’s Ark. I think it is safe.....

Matheny: What are some of the components of conspiracy?

Dr. Hyatt: A conspiracy is usually defined as an agreement (often secret) to perform an illegal, wrongful, or subversive act—rarely defined as performing a legal, helpful, happy act. —Hee Haw!

This is one of the best conspiracies of them all—a conspiracy of benevolence. Not only is it fun, but it will rarely be believed—and it is often the most dangerous to the people involved. Everyone likes evil better.

First and foremost you need at least one human brain. Even alone, a person could become suspicious of himself—as in conspiring against oneself.

A brain alone can also assume that there are other brains out there somewhere and begin to speculate on what they might be up to.

Next, is the belief in a hierarchy of causal-meaning agents—a grand theory of how the world really operates.

This simply means that all things have a conscious intention behind them. Often there is a refusal to accept randomness, happenstance and stupidity as the primary forces.

Most conspiracies are built on the model of god in his heaven controlling the world. Consider these seven religious principles:

- A. All is ordained by heaven
- B. All is concealed behind the obvious.
- C. The truth is always trying to reveal itself to those that believe.
- D. Avoid revealing how you really feel—keep your deeper feelings, particularly negative ones, secret.
- E. Every act you intend to do must have the help of the Higher Power.
- F. We have free will to operate within the Higher plan.
- G. Know and attach yourself to those people who have greater knowledge of the great plan.

Does any of this sound familiar? hehehehehe

It's all about the ability to be anxious, nervous, frightened. Rarely do we hear of "good conspiracies" or if we do, we are not that interested in them. Humans like "evil" conspiracies better. In fact, humans love searching and finding dark-evil motives.

The inability to live in cognitive dissonance. Any explanation is better than no explanation at all.

The ability to confuse metaphor with fact and to mix them up in the same sentence. The ability to change the word *possible* into *probable* and then, finally, *it must be*.

Holding to half truths... Misapplication of assumptions and models from one area to another.

The belief that there are Higher Powers—that there are those who have plans and knowledge that the average person is unaware of.

The human brain likes to connect dots, and once it makes a picture—any picture—it believes it to be the Truth.

A fundamental dislike of authority and the belief that they are intentionally up to no good. The opposite may also operate—the worship of authority and the belief that evil is trying to destroy them.

For some people, the belief that their personal failures are due to evil forces operating to control them and the world at large.

The belief that people are able to keep massive amounts of secrets, when, in fact, most people love to share secrets...and then create alliances and create more secrets.

People love to play detective and prefer just about any explanation, particularly if it gives them meaning and upholds their beliefs.

My position is rather simple—something similar to Indra's net: most of what we call conspiracy is the result of a rather large correlation matrix interacting and presenting dots which we then connect and from which we make interesting pictures.

Of course, there are real conspiracies—that is intentional ones—but most of them are tacit, simply based on the structure of the human brain.

The most powerful conspiracies are those we can't and don't know about, until we stare into the mirror and find ourselves staring back.

—Later, friend.

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CHRISTOPHER S. HYATT, Ph.D. was trained in experimental and clinical psychology and practiced as a psychotherapist for many years. Today he is known as the world-famous author of books on self-transformation, psychology, and Western magic; among them are *Undoing Yourself With Energized Meditation*; *Secrets of Western Tantra*; *Urban Voodoo*; *Rebels & Devils*; and *The Psychopath's Bible*.

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